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THE
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OF
LOVE:
A
POETICAL ESSAY.

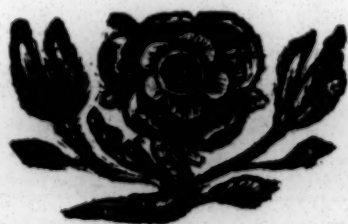
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Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.

A NEW EDITION.



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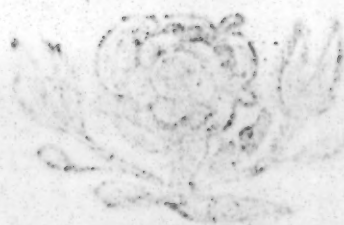
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THE
ECONOMY



FOETICAD ESSAY

A New Edition



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THE
OECONOMY
OF
LOVE.

THY bounties, *Love*, in thy soft raptures when
Timeliest the melting Pairs indulge, and how
Best to improve the genial joy, how shun
The snakes that under flow'ry pleasure lurk,
I sing: If thou fair *Cytherea* deign

5

B

Gracious

Gracious to smile on my attempt. Tho' Thou
 None of the Muses nine, yet oft on Thee
 The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy train,
 Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy Boy behind,
 Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen* raise 10
 Aloft thy sacred torch. Your Gifts I sing.

Y E Youths and Virgins, when your generous blood
 Has drunk the warmth of fifteen Summers, now
 The Loves invite ; now to new rapture wakes
 The finish'd Sense : While stung with keen Desire 15
 The madd'ning Boy his bashful Fetters bursts ;
 And, urg'd with secret Flames, the riper Maid,
 Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting Breast.



Y E T

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains
 An equal progress. This with kindly warmth 20
 Concocts to manly vigour strait, while That
 Pines crude and chill, and scarce at last attains
 Imperfect Life. Some flight their varnish'd Steed,
 And (wond'rous Instinct!) bent on manlier Sport,
 Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they say, 25
 Rose brawny from his cradle, while the snakes
 Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,
 Sent by enrag'd *Saturnia* to destroy
 Her Rival's Hope: The mighty Infant grasp'd
 His speckled Foes, and smiling dash'd them down 30
 To Hell, their native clime; the spumy gore
 Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus
 Was future Chivalry presag'd.—Meantime

Others flow ripen : Men there are who scarce
 Feel the first thrillings of untaught desire, 35
 While pallid Maids scarce ruminate on Man,
 Till twenty ; well if then. It boots thee much
 To study the Complexion, much the Clime,
 And Habitudes of Life. Meanwhile with me
 Credit these Signs. The Boy may wrestle, when 40
 Night-working Fancy steals him to the arms
 Of Nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the rage
 Of the soft Tumult, every turgid Cell
 Spontaneous disembogues its lucid store,
 Bland and of azure tinct. Nor envy Thou 45
 Waking fruition while such happy dreams
 Visit thy slumbers ; liveliest then the touch
 Thrills to the Brain, with all sensations else
 Unshaken,

Unshaken, uneduc'd. The Maid demands
 The dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breasts 50
 Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,
 Plump'd with rich Moisture from the finish'd Growth
 Redundant now : for late the shooting Tubes
 Drank all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,
 Infatiate ; now full-grown they crave no more 55
 Than what repairs their daily Waste. But still
 There must be Loss, nor does the Superplus
 Turn all to thrift. For from Love's Grotto now
 Oozes the sanguine Stream thro' many a rill,
 Startling the simple Lads, that anxious glows 60
 Inward, till bold Necessity o'ercomes
 Her fond reluctant blushes, to consult
 Her Nurse, well vers'd in mystic Cases deep,

At Christ'nings oft discuss'd : when warm'd with wine
 The mellow Matrons, by the midnight fire, 65
 Lewd *Orgies* hold ; while naked roams around,
 His Torch high-flaming from the spicy bowl,
 Lust full of Glee, and thro' each lab'ring breast
 His sacred Fury pours. The *Sibyl* solves
 Sagely the dubious Case.—The rising Down 70
 Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd Bounds
 Of *Venus*' blest Domain. In either Sex
 This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,
 Now when both Sides stand equal for the Fray,
 This graceful Armour spreads; and, but for this 75
 Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
 The close Encounter ; now they fight secure
 Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual Shock
 Of

Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

B U T if to progeny thy views extend 80
 Paternal, and the name of Sire invites ;
 Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround
 Thy spacious Table ; shun the soft Embrace
 Emafculant, till twice ten years and more
 Have steel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite 85
 License the Bliss. Nor would I urge, precise,
 A total Abstinence ; this might unman
 The genial Organs, unemploy'd so long,
 And quite extinguish the prolific Flame,
 Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd 90
 On Kisses, sweet repast ! ambrosial joy !
 Now press with gentle hand the gentle hand,
 And,

And, fighting, now the Breasts, that to the touch
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, refuse
 Indulgence, while thy Paramour discreet 95
 Aspires no farther. Thus thou mayst expect
 Treasure hereafter, when the Bridegroom, warm,
 Trembling with keen Desire, profusely pours
 The rich Collection of enamour'd years,
 Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial Nights. 100

BUT O my Son, whether the generous care
 Of Propagation, and domestick Charge,
 Or soft Encounter more attract, renounce
 The Vice of Monks recluse, the early Bane
 Of rising Manhood. Banish from thy Shades 105
 Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary Joy.

Hold

Hold, Parricide, thy hand! For thee alone
 Did Nature form thee? for thy narrow self
 Grant thee the means of Pleasure? Dream'st thou so?
 That very Self mistakes its wiser aim; 110
 Its finer sense ungratified, unpleas'd,
 But when from active soul to soul rebounds
 The swelling mingling Tumult of Delight.
 Hold yet again! ere idle Callus wrap
 In fullen Indolence th' astonish'd Nerves; 115
 When thou may'st fret and teize thy sense in vain,
 And curse too late th' unwisely-wanton hours.
 Impious, forbear! thus the first general Hail
 To disappoint, *increase and multiply!*
 To shed thy Blossoms thro' the desert air, 120
 And sow thy perish'd Off-spring in the winds.

Unhallow'd Pastime! — Tho' the factious Chief
 Oft brew hot Insurrection, rather hie
 To Bagnio lewd or Tavern, nightly where
 Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco's* ken 125
 Remote, and light of Heaven (as erst retir'd
 The heaving *Gallick* Saints to the kind gloom
 Of clift, or cave, or trusted barn, to hold
 Forbidden Sabbaths) : rather visit thou 129
 Those haunts of publick Lewdness ; oft tho' there
 Sore Ills dismay. Purse, or the golden Pride
 That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils
 Of *Mexico*, *Peru*, and farthest *Ind*,
 Or Watch time-measuring, oft substracted fly
 Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to crush 135
 Thy slacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career
 Of

Of puissant Deeds, untimely rushes in
 A forward boist'rous Wight, and from thy Arms
 The passive Spouse of all the Town demands. 139
 Him, hung'ring after gold, nor Words can charm,
 Nor more persuasive Wine: thy gold must pay
 The violation of the *publick* Bed;
 Or braver Steel must prove thy manly Arm,
 In dubious Fight. Yet well if here could end
 The mis'ry: Worse perhaps ensues; a Train 145
 Of Ills of tedious count and horrid name.
 Such as of old distress'd the Man else squar'd
 To God's own heart, but that his wanton wiles
 Debauch'd the purest Nymphs of *Solyra*;
 Nor did he from the holy marriage-bed 150
 Refrain his loose Embraces, when the Wife

Of wrong'd *Urias* he seduc'd ; nor stopt
 Till Murder crown'd his Lust. Hence him the Wrath
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursued 154

With sore Disease, and fill'd his Loins with Pain.

All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night
 Bedew'd his Couch with Tears ; and still his Groans
 Breathe musical in sacred Song. What Woes !

What Pains he tried ! But now this Plague attacks
 With double rancour, and severely marks 160

Modern Offenders: sily undermines

The Fame and Nose, that by unseemly Lapse

Awkard deforms the human Face divine

With ghastly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they say,

Nice *Taliacotius*' Art, with substitute 165

From Porter's borrow'd or the callous Breech

Of

Of sedentary Weaver, oft repair'd :
 Precarious, for no sooner Fate demands
 The parent Stock than (pious Sympathy!)
 Revolts th' adopted Nose.—Such Ills attends 170
 Obscene and bought Embraces. Wiser thou

FIND some soft Nymph whom tender Sympathy
 Attracts to thee ; while all her Captives else,
 Aw'd by majestick Beauty, mourn aloof 174
 Her charms to thee, by nuptial Vows, and Choice
 More sure, devoted. Sacrifice to her
 The precious hours, nor grudge with such a Mate
 The Summer's day to toy or Winter's night.
 Now clasp with dying fondness in your Arms
 Her yielded Waist : now on her swelling Breast 180

Recline

Recline your Cheek, with eager Kisses press
 Her balmy Lips, and drinking from her Eyes
 Resistless Love, the tender Flame confess,
 Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice
 Of genuine Joy ; then hug and kiss again, 185
 Stretch'd on the genial Couch, while joyful glows
 Thy manly Pride, and throbbing with Desire
 Pants earnest, felt thro' all the obstacles
 That intervene : but Love, whose fervid Course
 Mountains nor Seas oppose, can soon remove 190
 Barriers to flight. Then when her lovely Limbs,
 Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,
 Thro' all your trembling Joints increase the Flame ;
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled sight
 The stately Novelty, and to her Hand 195

Usher the new Acquaintance. She perhaps
 Averse will coldly chide, and half afraid,
 Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view
 With Neck retorted and oblique Regard;
 Nor quite her curious Eye indulging, nor 200
 Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt
 The sweet Admission, toyful she resists
 With shy Reluctance; nathless you pursue
 The soft Attack, and warmly push the War,
 Till quite o'erpower'd with Love, the melting Maid
 Faintly opposes. On the Brink at last 206
 Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in
 Precipitant, but spare a Virgin's Pain;
 Ah! spare a gentle Virgin! spare your self!
 Left sanguine War Love's tender Rites profane 210

With

With fierce Dilaceration, and dire Pangs,
 Reciprocal. Nor droop because the Door
 Of Bliss seems shut and barricaded strong;
 But triumph rather in this faithful Pledge
 Of Innocence, and fair Virginity 215
 Inviolate. And hence the subtle Wench,
 Her maiden Honours torn, in evil hour
 Unseemly torn, and shrunk her virgin Rose;
 Studious how best the guilty Wound to heal,
 Her Shame best palliate with fair outward shew, 220
 Inward less strict, with painful hand collects
 The sylvan store. The lover *Myrtle* yields
 Her styptick Berries, and the horrid *Thorn*
 Its Prune austere; in vain the *Caper* hides
 Its wand'ring Roots; the mighty *Oak* himself, 225

Sole Tyrant of the Shade, that long had scap'd
 The Tanner's rage, spoil'd of his callous Rhind,
 Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand more,
 Of humbler growth and far inferior Name,
Bistort, and *Dock*, and that way-faring Herb 230
Plantain, her various Forage, boil'd in Wine
 Yield their astringent force ; a Lotion prov'd
 Thrice powerful to contract the shameful Breach.
 Beware of these, for in our dangerous Day
 Such Counterfeits abound ; whom next to know 235
 Concerns. And here expect no Dye of Wound ;
 No Wound is made : the corrugated parts,
 With ill-dissembled Virtue (tho' severe,
 Not wrinkled into Frowns when genuine most)
 Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd Tone. 240

D

Yet

Yet judge with charity the varied Work
 Of Nature's Hand. Perhaps the purple Stream,
 Emollient Bath, leaves flexible and lax
 The parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he,
 In nuptial Night, on whom a horrid Chasm 245
 Yawns dreadful, waste and wild; like that thro' which
 The wand'ring *Greek*, and *Cytherea's Son*,
 Diving, explor'd Hell's ever open Gates :
 An unessential Void; where neither Love
 Nor Pleasure dwells, where warm Creation dies 250
 Starv'd in th' abortive Gulph; the dire Effects
 Of Use too frequent, or for Love or Gold.

Now hear me, *Lovers*, ye whose roving Hearts
 No sacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd;

Attentive

Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh 255

The Counsels sage which, thro' thy raptur'd Breast,

To you th' auspicious heavenly *Muse* conveys :

The *Muse*, no soothing Minister of Vice ;

Tho' now in sportive Vein to youthful Ears

She tunes her Song, to give Instruction grace. 260

Attend, ye Wise! No frantic *Bacchanal*,

No shameless Bard of the licentious Rout

Of flush'd *Silenus*, sings. — What *Nature* bids

Is good, is wise, and faultless we obey.

We must obey; howe'er hard *Stoick* dreams 265

Of *Apathy*, much vaunted, seldom prov'd :

For oft beneath the philosophic Gloom

Sly *Lewdness* lurks, and oftner mazy *Guile*,

That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart

Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays. 270

There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,

And dark *Revenge*, than which a deadlier Fiend

Ne'er poison'd mortal Breast, nor urg'd the Soul

To ruthless Purpose and inhuman Deeds.

Far hence be These. We know great *Nature's* power,

Mother of Things, whose vast unbounded Sway 276

From the deep Center all around extends

Beyond the flaming Barriers of the World.

We feel her power; we strive not to repress

(Vainly repress'd, or to Deformity) 280

Her lawful Growth; Ours be the task alone

To check her rude Excrescences; to prune

Her wanton Overgrowth; and where she strays

In uncouth Shapes to lead her gently back,

With prudent Hand, to Form and better Use. 285

FOR

FOR wisest Ends this universal *Power*
 Gave *Appetites* : from whose quick Impulse Life
 Subsists ; by which we only live ; all Life
 Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.
 Hence too this peopled Earth ; which, That extinct,
 That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll 291
 A lifeless Mass, and vainly cumber Heaven.
 Then love of Pleasure sways each heart, and we
 From that no more than from our selves can fly.
 Blameless when govern'd well. But where it errs
 Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill, 296
 Public or private, there its curbing Power
 Cool Reason must exert.—This Lesson weigh,
 Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,
 Each fondest Wish, and bath your Souls in Love,

But

But let Discretion guide unruly Bliss, 301
 Virtuous in Pleasure. So you shall enjoy
 Pleasure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Rose.
 This Caution scorn'd, beware th' Event perverse :
 Expect for Pleasure, Pain and sharp Remorse ; 305
 For Love, Aversion ; and each broken Vow
 The jest of Fools, the pity of the Wife.

BE secret, Lovers. Let no dangerous Spy
 Catch your soft Glances ; as oblique they deal
 Mutual Contagion, darting all the Soul 310
 In missive Love ; nor hear your lab'ring Sighs.
 But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,
 Impatient, to soft Deeds, then then retire
 From every mortal ken. *The sapient King*

(Whose

(Whose Loves who could defame?) in the mild Gloom,
 Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid, 316

Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian Spouse.

Find then some soft obscure retreat, untrod

By mortals else, where thick-embow'ring Shades

Condense to darkness and embrown the day; 320

There, safe from all prophane access, pursue

Love's bashful Rites. For oft the curious eye

Of prying Childhood, and th' Aspect malign,

Waning, and wan, of Virgin stale in years,

Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love. 325

And thou, my Son, when floods of mellowing wine

And social joys have loosen'd all thy breast,

When every Secret gushes; this at least

This one reserve, of Love and bounteous Charms

Of

Of trusting Beauty ; venturing all for thee, 330
 For thy Delight her Fortune and her Fame ;
 For her thou nothing. Hold ! ingrateful, hold
 Thy wanton tongue. Leave to the last of Fools,
 Of Villains ! that ungenerous Vanity,
 Cruel and base, to vaunt of secret Joys ; 335
 Of Joys on thee, so vaunting, ill bestow'd.
 O dare not thus with mortal sting to wound
 The tender helpless Sex. Does thy vile Breath
 So blast my Sister's, or my Daughter's Fame,——
 By Heaven thou dy'st ! thy treacherous Blood alone
 Can wash my Honour clean. Prudent meantime, 341
 Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong ;
 Let not the mean Destroyer e'er approach
 Your sacred charms. Now muster all your Pride,
 Contempt,

Contempt, and Scorn, that shot from Beauty's Eye
 Confounds the mighty Impudent, and smites 346
 The Front unknown to Shame. Trust not his Vows,
 His labour'd Sighs, and well-dissembled Tears,
 Nor swell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love
 Grown indiscreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell 351
 Th' important Secret : Is thy Mate well form'd,
 Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed,
 Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy,
 And lonely Shame ; let Wedlock's holy tie 355
 Legitimate th' indissoluble flames.
 If abject birth, dishonourable, and mind
 Incultivate or vicious, to that height

E

Forbid

Forbid her hopes to climb ; at least secure
 From Penury her humble state, by thee 360
 Else humbled more, and to Necessity,
 Stern Foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life, betray'd,
 A helpless Prey. O ! let no Parent's Woe,
 No complaints of trusting Innocence, nor Tears
 Of pining Beauty, blast thy guilty Joys. 365
 Shall she, so late the softener of thy Life,
 Thy chief Delight, whose melting Essence oft
 Lay with thy melting Essence kindly mix'd,
 (As far as Bodies and embodied Souls
 Can mingle) she, who deem'd thy Vows sincere,
 Thy Passion more than selfish, and thy Love 371
 To her devoted, as was her's to thee ;
 Shall she (O ! cruel Perfidy) at last

When

When with her tainted Name the Winds grow sick,
 When envious Prudery chides, affecting scorn 375
 Of natural Joys, and they of *public Fame*
 Insulting hail her Sister, while each Friend
 Disgusted flies ; shall she not find in thee
 Unshaken Amity ? When to thy Arms,
 Well-known, with wonted confidence she flies,
 To pour her sorrows forth, and sooth her cares, 381
 Shall she then find thy faithless Heart from home,
 From her estrang'd ? At that disastrous Hour
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy Love ?
 To waste in sickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms,
 Forlorn to languish out her Life, to lead 386
 Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd days ?
 Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee,

Scowls meagre want (whose iron empire Pride;
 Reluctant, and her Off-spring Modesty 390
 Blushing at last obey) unskill'd in Arts
 Of mercenary *Venus*, to increase
 The rompish Band that, without Pleasure lewd,
 With deep-felt sorrow gay, thro' *Trivia's* reign
 Nightly sollicit Lovers ; oft repuls'd, 395
 Oft, when invited to the barren Toil,
 Thankless deserted by their slippery Loves.
 Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Lust
 Uncouth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,
 Patient submitted ; to the boist'rous will 400
 Of midnight Ruffians, to abhor'd Disease,
 Hourly expos'd, and *Draco's* fiercer Rage.
 Spare, mighty *Draco* ! spare a hapless race,

By

By thy own Sex to Wretchedness betray'd.

A Woman bore thee; by each tender Name 403

Of Woman, spare ! Hast thou or Daughter fair,

Or Sister ? They, but for a happier Birth,

The Gift of Fate, and Honour's Guardian, Pride

Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common Stream.

While she whom now thy awful Name dismays,

Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles 411

And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed,

A virtuous Mate, in every Charm compleat.

A pious Duty next, neglected oft, .

Demands my Song. If from thy secret Bed 415

Of Luxury unbidden Off-spring rise,

Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.

'Tis

'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's sacred Voice
 Attend; and from the monster-breeding Deep,
 The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderness, 420
 Learn parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear
 Be more a Sire than thou? An Infant once,
 Helpless and weak, but for paternal Care,
 Thou had'st not liv'd to propagate a Race
 To Misery, to resign to Step-dame Fate 425
 Perhaps a worthier Off-spring than thy Sire
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stoll'n Embrace,
 Untir'd with worn Acquaintance, keenly urg'd,
 Elate with generous Rapture, likeliest springs
 The noblest Brood, most animated, best. 430
 What Heroes hence have issued! what fam'd Chiefs!
 And Demi-gods, of old! The Stealth of Love

Gave

Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome*

First rose beneath a random Son of *Mars*.

Thy Vigour too, the Blossom of thy Strength, 435

Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days,

Or in the Senate wise, and nobly warm

To public Good, may save the rushing State ;

Or, bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth

To shatter distant Skies, and rous'd to Blood 440

Usher the *British Lion* to the Field.

Thy Country claims thy care ; nurse well her Hopes ,

And thine ; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,

Hight *Overseers*, with thy own Children's gore

Satiate, if Rapine know Satiety. 445

For, bred to Death, and of sagacious Nose,

A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell

Of secret Birth, their Carnage sweet, or led
 By infant Wailings, querulous, and shrill,
 Beset thy frightened Gates. These timely thou 450
 Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd Gold
 And captive Son; to the street-dunning Tribe
 Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge
 Of low Distress: there to what life of Pain
 Led up who knows? to what disgraceful Fate, 455
 What Gibbet, bred? Or from his Parent's Arms,
 With Nurse un pitying, unbenign, exil'd
 To squalid Lodge, to find in Famine's Cave
 A ling'ring Death; or by a deadlier Hag,
 Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppress'd,
 Untimely sink beneath a heavier Fate. 461
 While they, the Sons of licens'd Rapine, screen'd

Under

Under the Altar of the God of Life

With Murder stain'd, on what should raise thy Son

Nightly regale, carnivorous ; for them 465

The Heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd Young

Roams wild the woodland Bounds ; and what should

now

To thy young Hopes in white nectareous rills

Descend, to them in deep *Oporto* flows,

Or hot *Madeira*. Thus the sanguine Feast 470

They crown, nor dread the Cry of infant Blood.

THESE Precepts wisely keep, by these direct

Thy Steps thro' Pleasure's Labyrinth. Unhurt

And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd Feet

May tread the Wilds of else-delusive Joy. 475

F

So

So shall no sorrows wound, no ruder cares
 Disturb thy Pleasures, no remorseful Tears
 Attend thy gay delight ; nor Sighs make way,
 But such as heave the pleasure-burden'd Breast,
 As utter Love, with speechless Eloquence 480
 Well understood, and breathe from Soul to Soul
 The soft Infection, fondly still receiv'd.
 Almighty *Love* ! O unexhausted source
 Of universal Joy ! first Principle
 Of *Nature* all-creating ! Harmony 485
 By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd !
 Soft Tyrant of each Element ! whose Sway
 Resistless thro' the Wilds of Air is felt,
 Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main !
 Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power, 490

In

In us supreme, with kind Endearments rais'd
 Above the merely-sensual Touch of Brutes.
 By thy soft Charm the savage Breast is tam'd,
 The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly Warmth inspires
 Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane, 495
 Or elegant ; whate'er adorns the Mind,
 Graces or sweetens Life : and without thee
 Nothing or gay or amiable appears.

Y E T not to Love (thus polishing the Soul,
 Thus charming ; tho' of every finer Breast 500
 The sovereign Joy) yet not to Love alone
 Yield languid all your Hours. The self-same Cates
 Still offer'd soon the Appetite offend ;
 The most delicious soonest. Other Joys,

Other Pursuits, their equal Share demand 505

Of Cultivation. These with kindly Change

Will cheer your sweetly-varied Days; from these

With quicker Sense you shall and firmer Nerves

Return to Love, when Love again invites.

Be those the least neglected which inform 510

With Virtue, Sense, and Elegance, the Mind :

Those what before was amiable improve,

And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity.

Life too has serious Cares, which madly scorn'd, 515

The means of Pleasure melt.—And Age will come,

When Love, alas ! the Flower of human Joys,

Must shrink in horrid Frost. O hapless he !

Thrice hapless then ! whose only Joy was That ;

Whose young Desires tumultuous still engage 520

To

To wield a Load of unobedient Limbs,
 With vain Attempt. Him the inclement Power
 Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys
 Than other Dotage knows, or easy-dup'd
 Credulity can well believe, incites. 525

Him all the Nymphs despise, and the young Loves
 With leering Scorn behold ; while vigorous Heat
 Has fled his shaken Limbs, surviving still
 In his green Fancy. Thence what desperate Toil
 By Flagellation, and the rage of Blows, 530

To rouse the *Venus* loitering in his Veins !

Fruitless, for *Venus* unsolicited

The kindest smiles, abhorring painful Rites.

Cease, reverend Fathers ! from those youthful Sports

Retire, before unfinish'd Feats betray 535

Your

Your slacken'd Nerves. The hoary Years, design'd
 For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy,
 And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.
 Cheerful retire : nor grudge in peevish Saws
 Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys 540
 Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time
 Of Pleasure ; — ours is on the rapid Wing!

AND you whose youthful Blood impetuous rolls,
 With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,
 Husband your Vigour well ; if aught or Health,
 Or Off-spring numerous, beautiful, and strong, 546
 Or Pleasure weigh. For from the trite Embrace
 Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,
 Disgust, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.

Some

Some boast, I know, their Vigor to renew 550
 And keen Desire, by Food restorative,
 Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence,
 Lascivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd ;
 And that maritime, which the sea-born Queen
 Feeds with her native Spume, *Eryngo* mild ; 555
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous Tribe ;
 And fell *Cantharides*, in various Forms
 Are us'd. But what ensues ? Diseases more
 Then ever burden'd *Auster's* dropping Wings.
 Cold *Tremors*, *Spasms*, and *Cephalæa's* dire, 560
 Eternal Flux of Nature's balmy *Dew*,
Tabes, and gaunt *Marasmus*, hideous Loss
 Of godlike Reason, and th' imprison'd rage
 Of fierce *Lipyræa*, whose collected Fires

The

The Vitals only seize. Or if the Sons 565
 Of jaded Luxury those Plagues escape,
 They waste their melting Youth, and bring grey Hairs
 Before their time, grey Hairs and idle Years.
 Leave Nature to herself, nor covet more
 Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants 570
 Each well-conducted Appetite provokes.

B U T chiefly thee, fair Nymph, behoves to know
 That Love and Joy when in their Prime most fear
 Decay, the Fate of all created Things.
 Be frugal then : the coyly-yielded Kifs 575
 Charms most, and gives the most sincere Delight.
 Cheapness offends, hence on the Harlot's Lip
 No Rapture hangs, however fair she seem,

However

However form'd for Love and amorous Play.

Hail *Modesty* ! fair Female Honour hail ! 580

Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's self !

For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell,

And thou art Virtue ! and without thy Charm

Beauty disgusts, and Wit is insolent.

Thou giv'st the Smile its Grace ; the melting Kiss

To thrill voluptuous to the fainting Soul, 586

Alas ! too tenderly ! and but for thee

The very Raptures of the lawful Bed,

Were Outrage and foul Riot, Rites obscene !

Celestial *Maid* ! be it lawful that with Lips

Profane I name thee ; and in wanton Song. 590

But in these vicious Days great *Nature's* Laws

Are spurn'd ; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time,

Nor Place can change, nor Custom changing all,

Is mock'd to scorn ; and *lewd Abuse* instead,
 Daughter of Night, her shameless Revels holds 595
 O'er half the Globe, while the chaste Face of Day
 Eclipses at her Rites. For Man with Man,
 And Man with Woman (monstrous to relate!)
 Leaving the natural Road, themselves debase
 With Deeds unseemly, and Dishonour foul. 600
Britons, for shame! Be Male and Female still.
 Banish this foreign Vice ; it grows not here ;
 It dies, neglected ; and in Clime so chaste
 Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive.
 So cultivated swells the more our Shame, 605
 The more our Guilt. And shall not greater Guilt
 Meet greater Punishment and heavier Doom ?
 Not lighter for Delay. Did Justice spare

The

The Men of *Sodom* erst? Like us they finn'd,
 Like us they fought the Paths of monstrous Joy ;
 Till, urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven 610
 Descending wrapt them in sulphureous Storm.
 And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts
 Of Luxury, now sleeps a sullen Pool :
 Vengeful Memorial of almighty Ire, 615
 Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd !

T H E E N D.



The Men of Letters call: Like us they find;

Like us they fought the Paths of nations lay;

Till, night so Warm at last, all-potent Heaven (10

Madrox Goble

1748

By J. Goble

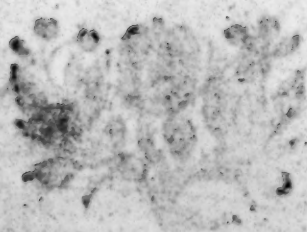
Of luxury, now keeps a fallen Tool;

Vandal's Memorial of Industry Inc.

Against the Sons of Liberty!



THE END



Michael J. Horne

1841

